

Name _____

Date _____

"Diary of A Raindrop"

Diary Of A Raindrop

I am a raindrop and I have a story to tell. My earliest memory is when I melted out of an iceberg and dripped into the ocean. After floating in the salty sea, the sun's rays warmed the water enough to evaporate me. I rose into the atmosphere where I hit cool air and helped form a cloud. I floated high above the earth and then fell with other raindrops all the way back down and hit the land. I eventually evaporated and rose to help form another cloud then condensed again and landed on the ground. I repeated this water cycle many times, and each time I fell to the earth my experience was different. Some of my experiences were enjoyable and fulfilling, and others painful and wasteful.

The first time I fell out of a cloud, I landed in a forest. I struck a tree leaf which kind of felt like a trampoline absorbing the shock of my fall. I dripped onto the forest floor, which was covered with a blanket of humus that acted like a sponge and absorbed me immediately. I traveled through the ground and came out of a crystal clear spring where I was soon drunk by a fawn. Fellow raindrops landed onto the same forest watershed. They trickled down the hillside and helped replenish a clear lake, and still other drops were taken up by trees and plant and transpired into the atmosphere.

My next experience was different. I fell into a tobacco field. I struck the hard, bare earth, and boy, what an impact! I imagine it would be like a human being falling off the Empire State building and hitting 5th Avenue flat on his face! I struck with such a force that I dislodged many soil particles and became very dirty.

I began flowing with my fellow raindrops and we united to form a strong and angry team running down the hillside. Nothing was there to stop us! The faster we flowed, the stronger we became and the more earth we moved (and being filled with soil particles was uncomfortable!). Together, we carried nearly a ton of topsoil into the river below, making it very muddy. I could hear fish and other living things crying for help as the sediment choked them.

My next cycle, I fell in a cornfield and again landed on the soil. This time, however, my experience was much better because the surface contained organic

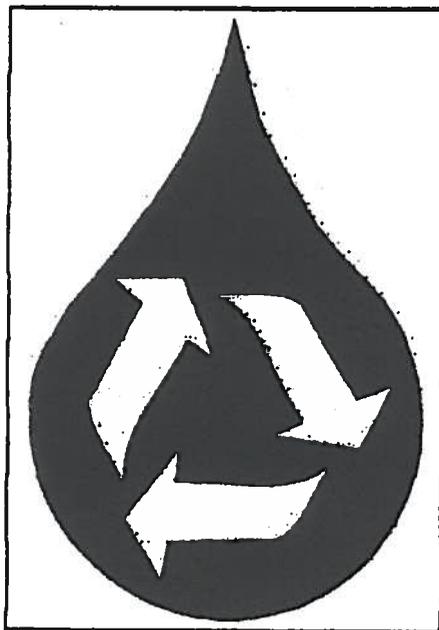
matter, which helped absorb the shock of my fall. I didn't dislodge many soil particles nor flow far before I was absorbed into the soil. A grassed waterway safely and cleanly stopped some of my fellow raindrops from flowing away. The next day I was taken up by the nearest corn plant and helped form the sweet juice of a kernel. Before long I was eaten and enjoyed by a human just like you.

The last time I fell to earth, I landed in a reservoir destined for "human consumption". I felt disappointed when, after much preparation of being cleaned and piped and pumped a long distance, I came out a leaky faucet and went straight down the drain unused. What a waste!

As an active raindrop, I felt I was important because I affected the earth and all living things in so many ways. Without water, nothing could survive! Humans, it seems to me, it is up to you to take good care of us raindrops and other forms of water we make. As for myself, the last time I rose into the atmosphere I crystallized into a snowflake, so I decided to go north where I'm now happily retired inside a glacier. Who knows, maybe someday I'll be reborn.

By Roger Canfield

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